352 415 [251] bananas ripe for eating. The storeroom proper begins there and extends to the upper crossbeams, from which hang large quantities of bananas. Similar strips [of bark] tied to the roof just within the reach of a standing adult support small baskets, gourds, and small bags whose contents (usually manioc flour), like all foodstuffs, must be protected from the voracity of cockroaches and [342] [764] dogs. The floor of the house is of light grey, beaten earth. Low, oblong mounds mark the graves. The smoke that always fills the 354 house gives the inner side of the entire thatch cover a shiny black

[345]

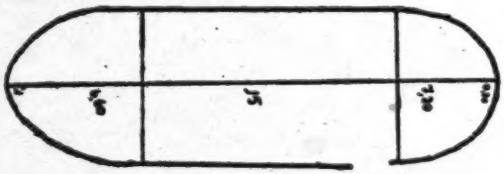

Fig. 11. Plan of the takana.

hue. The half-light maintained through the night by the fires burning beside the hammocks becomes a little brighter when daylight filters in through the slits in the lower part of the walls and through the doors.

● 512 [231] [136] Here is a nocturnal scene in house a.

The chickens roosting upon the roof keep moving unceasingly, and from all sides comes the rustling of myriads of scuttling roaches.

[345]

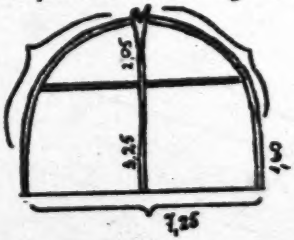

Fig. 12. Cross-section of the takana.

The swinging of hammocks makes the crossbeams creak. The [516] smoke from the fires is not sufficient to protect the naked bodies from mosquitoes, and because of this, the Tapirapé swings his hammock, pushing his hand or foot against a rope stretched at his side or hanging one leg outside the hammock and pushing with it against the floor. He swings in this fashion until he goes to sleep.

●512 Hens and their chicks walk about the floor through the night eating cockroaches, and so do chickens who from infancy are used to the role of nocturnal birds around the fires. From time to time, a dog [231] walks leisurely about, patiently investigating the gastronomic possibilities. The large jars of cauí are closed tight, however, [251] and all other foods are hung out of reach. The dog yawns, urinates from habit against a beam, and lies down again near the fire. Sometimes one of the fires flares up, illuminating brightly the whole house, everything that is moving about, and everything that is making a sound. As far as noises are concerned, it must be said that the human beings do not show any constraint either, and this becomes more apparent as the talk dies down. As a rule, two or three hours after sundown, everyone has stopped talking. It is true that those who turn in later, around midnight perhaps, after dancing outside or becoming cold while sleeping in the takana, speak up freely so that some people awaken and the talk is resumed for a moment. I remain lying for a long time, unable to go to sleep. It is impossible to put up a mosquito net because of the smoke, which would come in [110:199] and accumulate, unable to escape. Then, too, there is not enough space in the house to stretch out this strange object. So I pull the woolen blanket over my head, and when I am on the point of suffocation and bathed in sweat, I surrender once more to the mosquitoes (Anopheles brand) and to the smoke. This is repeated I know not how many times. The cockroaches that visit me have already ceased to arouse any reaction on my part. Sometimes, however, the shirt I have folded up to serve as a pillow falls onto the grave where, separated vertically from me by a meter and a half of air and earth, lies the corpse of one of the occupants of the house. After I have picked it up, I shake it to remove the dust, trying not to think of the human spittle, the dog urine, and the chicken excrement, and set it again under my head. While I do this, I must be careful not to knock down the revolver and flashlight that I keep in my hammock to defend Tampiitaua against nocturnal Kayapó attacks. All of a sudden, a [755] roar echoes very close to my ear. My hammock neighbors, the two sorcerers--medicine men, Kamairahó and Urukumy, are commonly consulted during the night, and the fierce retching and other sounds associated with vomiting are part of their therapy. My hammock is

512 not far from the door, and every quarter of an hour a pair of dancers, singing in loud voices and hammering the ground with their feet, pass before the opening. The other occupants of the house also have trouble getting an uninterrupted night's sleep. After midnight it turns increasingly cold. Then the Indian takes a piece of burning wood from the fire beside his net, breaks it into embers by striking it against the ground, and lays the pieces directly under his hammock. A small boy is asleep, curled up on a net that is already too small for him. He has no mother to make him a new one. His long rhea-bone tembetá hangs down into thin air. Suddenly the boy moans; the mosquitoes and the cold have awakened him. He gets up, heavy with sleep, squats by the nearly burned-out embers of his small fire, and blows until the flame revives. Then he sits in his hammock once more, rubs the soles of his feet together to remove the light grey dust of the floor, and swings while sighing once in a while, "Aky, tanchió (Ai, mosquito!)." When daylight breaks dimly into the house, everyone awakens. The women get up first, blow on the fire, [462] place the pots upon it, fetch cotton and spindle, sit beside their [283] still prone spouses, and spin for a while. Then they set the spindle aside to fetch a few bananas for their husbands and themselves, stir the pots while the men get up, and thus, gradually, all the occupants of the house start moving.

[110:200] When they are in the village and there are no festivities underway, both sexes usually spend not only most of the night, but most of the day at home. For a while before and after sundown, however, they sit in the space fronting their house, which is called takupé, or in the plaza in front of the takana. At the [345] time of my visit, the men's house served as permanent dwelling only for the few initiates and for one or two bachelors. Other men would go in only to "have a chat" or to dance a little, and never stayed there for hours on end as do Boróro married men in their men's house. [Ed., the remainder of the section in Vol. 110, pp. 200-202, and the first page, p. 105, of the section in Vol. 111, as well as the first paragraph on p. 106, are omitted. Vol. 110, pp. 200-202, and Vol. 111, p. 105, contain data on Tupinambá houses.]

171 [111:106] These data show a certain similarity between 361 Tupinambá villages and Tampiitaua in the arrangement of the

241 incidentally, although separated from one another by strips of forest, are not provided with fences or scarecrows.

171 Gabriel Soares de Sousa (377) wrote of the sixteenth century
512 Tupi in Bahia: "When the Tupinambá go to their gardens, they work only from seven in the morning until midday." Except for the apachirũ, which involves afternoon work, this also applies to the Tapirapé. The couples leave the village early in the morning and return at the hottest hours. The Portuguese chronicler goes on to say (ibid.): "The males customarily clear the forest growth,
171 burn it, and dress the ground, while the females plant the food-
462 stuffs and weed them." Among the Tapirapé, not only do the men have the same duties as the ancient Tupinambá, but aside from this they also do the planting and weeding and carry the large baskets in which the farm produce is taken home. The women participate only in the planting of maize, peanuts, and cotton, that is to say, both sexes sow these plants and harvest them.

Krause wrote of the Karajá (2, 243): "They say that the planting of cotton, maize, sweet potatoes, and urucũ falls to the women." The division of labor among those Indians is exactly the same as among the Tapirapé, as far as the dressing of the ground, the planting of manioc and cará, and the conveyance of the large baskets are concerned, for all those tasks devolve to the male sex in both tribes (cf. Krause ibid. and Plate 15).

Among the majority of other South American Indians, it is the woman who carries heavy burdens from the plot, as, for example, among the tribes of the upper Xingu basin (Von den Steinen 2, 214; Max Schmidt 2, 429) and among those of the Guianas and Venezuela (Koch-Grünberg 2, III, 50 and Plate 53). Von den Steinen's generalization (loc. cit.) is incorrect, however, when he states of the Indians in that Xingu region: "As in all of Brazil [113: 197], not only does the home preparation of manioc fall to the women, but so does its planting." I have already mentioned that this planting is male work among the Tapirapé and Karajá, and, according to Koch-Grünberg (loc. cit.), the same applies to the Taulipáng and their neighbors.

Like the Tupinambá, the Tapirapé also cultivate various plants in large quantities. These will be listed in the following chapter.

231 When I was in Tampiitaua, there were no domestic animals aside from dogs and chickens. There were no vestiges of a pair of

114 and evenings suspended in a large Brazilian hammock. In this state of enervation, I must have been the very picture of the languid white [123] man in the tropics. Each late afternoon our house became a gather- [574] ing place for the Tapirapé villagers, who came not only to visit with me (communication was still difficult) but also with each other, and 123 to gaze upon the belongings of the *tori* (non-Indian). My illness 538 proved to be a boon for ethnographic research. People were more patient with the sick anthropologist than with the well one. They told stories, not only for my benefit, but also to entertain each other. [703] In attempting to explain to me about a mythological culture hero, a man would find himself telling a myth to the attending audience. Thus, I heard (and saw) Tapirapé stories told as they should be—as dramatic forms spoken with vivacity and replete with mimicry of the animals that are so often characters in these folktales. With my still imperfect knowledge of Tapirapé I inevitably lost the thread of the story and it had to be retold to me more slowly.

115 Champukwi was a frequent visitor during these days of my con- 123 valescence. He came each morning on the way to his garden and 124 he became accustomed to drinking morning coffee with us. And, ● [512] each late afternoon after he had returned from his garden, he came "to talk"—often slowly retelling the stories and incidents that I had difficulty understanding the evening before. Several days during this period he did not work in his garden but sat for two or three hours talking. He learned when he should pause or repeat a phrase or [212] sentence in order that I might take notes. He came to understand what writing meant, discovering that what I wrote in my notebook I could repeat to him later. In time he appreciated the fact that I was not so much interested in learning the Tapirapé language as I was in comprehending the Tapirapé way of life. As so often is the case when a person understands and speaks a foreign language poorly, one communicates best with but a single person who is accustomed to one's mistakes and one's meager vocabulary. Thus, I could understand and make myself understood to Champukwi better than any [192] other Tapirapé. Moreover, because he spent long hours in our house, [126] he was learning Portuguese from Valentim Gomes, and this was an aid in helping me translate newly learned words and phrases in Tapirapé and even helped me understand his explanations of Tapirapé culture patterns. Champukwi thus consciously became my teacher, and others came to realize that he was teaching me. During